

FINE DRAMA SEASON

ATTRACTIOMS AT PLUNKVILLE
REVIEWED BY EDITOR

Opening With Greater Barnstormers' Minstrels, the List Included Prof. Svengali, "East Lynne," "Jesus James" and Others.

The dramatic season just ended," said the Winesap County Weekly Vindicator, "was the most successful in the history of Plunkville, both from an artistic and a financial point of view.

"Early in October the season was ushered in with the Greater Barnstormers' Minstrels, with 15 performers in high top silkemps and beautiful pink dusters, who played the most ravishing circus marches in the courthouse yard. At the evening performance many of the latest melodies were rendered, including "After the Ball," "Hot Time Tonight," and "Love Muh and the World Is Mine;" also many first-class jokes which have never been seen in the almanacs in this section. Our versatile and talented barber, band leader, baseball pitcher, orchestra conductor, and society favorite, Mr. Nick Duggins, secured an engagement with the minstrels to play second baritone and double up in the evening as Mr. Rastus Johnson Brown."

"In November a hypnotist and entertainer called Prof. X. Svengali occupied the boards at the opera house. Professor Svengali put Sam Tucker, the tinner, into a trance, and made him stand on his head in the corner and sing the 'Doxology.' After the performance Sam missed a five-dollar bill, but he allowed the fun was worth the money.

"In December we witnessed that soulful and lachrymose drama, 'East Lynne,' put on with great eclat and a whole lot of terrific success. Beacon Shucks, who hasn't cried since his wife ran away with the leader of the Bass Center choir, broke into profuse tears; and as the large concourse of Plunkvillians shuffled down the steps that lead from over S. Quigley's well-known commission, confectionery and farm implements emporium, there was not a dry eye on the stairs.

"About the middle of January the Plunkville Thespians and Terpsichorean Troupe rendered 'Kate, the Convict's daughter,' for the benefit of the South Sea head hunters. Miss Sadie Sebree, our talented milliner, who took the immortal role of Kate Klipper, made a pronounced hit and admits that, when it comes to finished trap-door and red-light situations, she has Mme. Bernhardt backed off the boards.

"The spring attractions included 'Ten Nights in a Barroom,' 'Jesus James,' a Shakespearean elocutionist who put everybody to sleep faster than Parsons Buckner does, and a man without arms who played the bass violin with his toes.

"For the next season Manager Tobe Scruggles will maintain the same high standard. He has already engaged 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' a fiddling quartet, a moving-picture show, a patent-medicine entertainment and an ossified man. During the summer many notable improvements will be made. A new tin cornice will be erected and the interior will be repainted in exquisite tints of flamingo red, paris green, Helen pink and chrome yellow, with many striking fresco decorations representing Venus, General Grant, Cleopatra, the Muses and Little Bo-peep. For next season the same competent staff will serve the public. Capt. Artemus Jefferson, the sadder, will continue to preside at the box office in return for the privilege of seeing the shows free. Nathan Thomas, the grocer, will light up and make fires and 'Peggy' Parlington, the widow's son, will act as usher and carry the red banner with the golden letters in the parades for the same splendid privileges.

New Find of an Old Race.
Fanning Island, in the mid-Pacific ocean, which was recently purchased by a British Canadian syndicate for use as a coaling station, is the scene of remarkable discoveries, the news of which was brought by the steamship Makura, which arrived at Vancouver, B. C. on Dec. 12. Archaeological explorations have brought to view indications that the island was inhabited at some long-ago period by a race with peculiar skill in architecture. Excavations there have unearthed a large stone building, 50 feet wide and 200 feet long, in the construction of which no mortar was used, the stones used having been skillfully mortised together.

Near this strange structure was found a bomb containing a human skeleton with a necklace made of the teeth of the sperm whale, and of other articles, including the skull of a dog.

All Fixed.
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"That's true," replied Senator Sorrell; "sometimes I am tempted to take a position as janitor of a big building."

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Heavy Grief.

As a specimen of heavy grief we have seen nothing more heart-rending than the following obituary notice, published in the German paper:

"Today red, tomorrow dead. So it was with my wife, who only seven days ago 'was springing over bench and table,' and was buried yesterday. During her life she was a live woman, who did not easily mistake an X for a U. For that reason everybody can tell the extent of my sorrow; so young and so merry, and now buried. What is human life? I have said, to myself repeatedly, within the past few days, and also yesterday in the church yard when I paid the sexton, who will also keep the grave mound in order. So cheerful a wife I shall certainly never, never, find again, and therefore, my sorrow is a righteous one. I wish that heaven will preserve any man from a similar sad fate, and thank for the flowers, as well as the Herr Cantor, the music master of the choir, for the hymn, which went through and through me, but was very well sung—Ackerman, Master-Locksmith."—From the Narrator.

Her Rule With Husband.

Miss Kate Riveron Byles, one of the suffragist leaders of Colorado, said at a recent suffragist dinner in Cripple Creek:

"Opponents of woman's suffrage would have you believe that a vote turns a woman into a monster. Yet, when a young man, arriving at the age of twenty-one, gets the vote, does he, or does he not, become a monster?"

"But to hear the anti-suffragists talk you'd think that every voting woman was like that lady, rich in her own right, to whom her husband said:

"My suspicions are at last confirmed. We part forever from this moment."

"But the guilty lady retorted hotly:

"Not at all, sir. Not at all. It's my invariable rule to require a month's notice from every husband."

Encouraging.

"Bilgins' friendship seems to flatter you."

"It doesn't flatter me," said the cynical statesman, "but it encourages me. He is one of those people who never trouble themselves to be affable except to those who are regarded as liable to have some pull."

His Luncheons.

Woodbury Pulsifer, at the Maine society's reunion in New York, praised the sturdy perseverance of Maine's sons.

"Perseverance, pluck, self-denial," said Mr. Pulsifer, "those are the qualities that bring Maine boys success."

"It was a Maine boy in Paris—he is a successful sculptor today—who was sought out in his garret in the Rue Boissard by a rich friend who wished to invite him to a New Year's luncheon."

"The rich friend, who hadn't yet decided on the hour for the luncheon, said:

"I don't know whether to set it for 12 o'clock or 1. By the way, old chap, when do you lunch as a rule?"

"Thursdays," said the Maine boy.

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BIRDS WITH NERVE

IN CALIFORNIA THEY HAVE FREE
AND EASY WAYS.

Annoy the Children and Steal Articles From Clotheslines—Gulls at the Seashore Are Wonderfully Tame and Sociable.

My first experience of the fearlessness of the California bird came to me at second hand, writes a correspondent of Suburban Life. It also came near getting a small boy into trouble. After we were settled in a little home the said small boy went to school on his bicycle, down a busy avenue, with street cars running to and fro constantly. Before he had made the journey many times the child came home one evening and said:

"I wish the birds would leave me alone."

"What birds?" I asked.
"Why, those little blackbirds you see around," he answered. "When I'm riding to school they come down and try to peck my hat off."

The child had always been a truthful child, but my faith in his veracity was shaken. I gently expressed a doubt, but the boy backed up his assertion vehemently.

"They do it every morning," he persisted, and I had to let it go at that.

Later on, in speaking of this particular breed of bird to a neighbor, the boy's statement was justified.

"Those little birds certainly are daring," said the neighbor. "I've seen them try to take a piece of bread or cake from a child's hand—and not such a small child, either. They don't seem to have the ordinary fear of mortals, probably because they are never molested here in the city."

One morning, going out to the front door, I found a caller. He was a tiny fellow, riding a tricycle.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" I answered. "What's your name?"

"Henry," was the reply. "I live over there," pointing to a house some distance across a vacant lot, and on another street.

"And what are you doing so far away from home?" I asked.

"I want my little sister's shoe. It's in your yard."

"How did it get in our yard?"

"A bird took it off my mamma's clothesline and brought it over."

And sure enough a search of the yard disclosed the little white shoe, which the bird had pulled from the line and brought over to us. The boy's mother had seen the feathered thief, and watched it till it dropped its booty in our back yard.

The tameness of the gulls at the seashore is another source of wonder and delight. When we go to the beach we save the scraps of our luncheon and use them as a coaxed for the gulls. Sitting on the sand, piece by piece the scraps are thrown around us, and by and by we have a circle of the beautiful and graceful birds, all on the alert for another piece, but equally on the alert for the approach of anything which might be called an enemy.

At last, when they have found out that no aggressive move is made, the creatures will approach, almost within reach of our hands. On the piers where people are fishing, the gulls will sit in rows, waiting for a chance at discarded bait or fish. People pass constantly to and fro near them, but they show no fear. Rules regarding their protection are very strict, and perhaps this is why they have learned to be so fearless.

In some localities in the city's outskirts telephone and other wires will be covered for a block or more with small birds. What they find to eat in the city is a problem, but they thrive. Some of them are beautiful songsters, and all seem to have cultivated a friendly and fearless disposition.

When Women Were Knighted.

It is not at all well known that knighthood has constantly been conferred upon women. Many English ladies received the accolade, and many more were members of such knightly orders as the Garter and St. John. When Mary Cholmondeley, "the bold lady of Cheshire," was knighted by Elizabeth for "her valiant address" on the Queen taking command at the threatened invasion by Spain, did she know that a whole city of Spanish women, the gallant women of Tortosa, had been knighted for saving that city from the Moors? Mary and Elizabeth had both been knighted at their coronation, but by the time Anne, the second Mary, and Victoria ascended the throne it had been quite forgotten that, according to English law and use, a woman who filled a man's office acquired all its privileges and was immune from none of its duties.

Underrated Man.

Victor Hemery, the noted French racing automobile, was praising an American automobile.

"I don't know why it should be so unpopular," he said. "Perhaps it isn't advertised enough. At any rate, it is a very much underrated machine."

Adjusting his racing goggles he smiled.

"It reminds me of the man whose wife called to her little son one cold winter night:

"Tommy, go bring me up the bed-warmer."

"Tommy, without leaving his comfortable seat before the clanking radiator, shouted downstairs:

"Father, mother wants you!"

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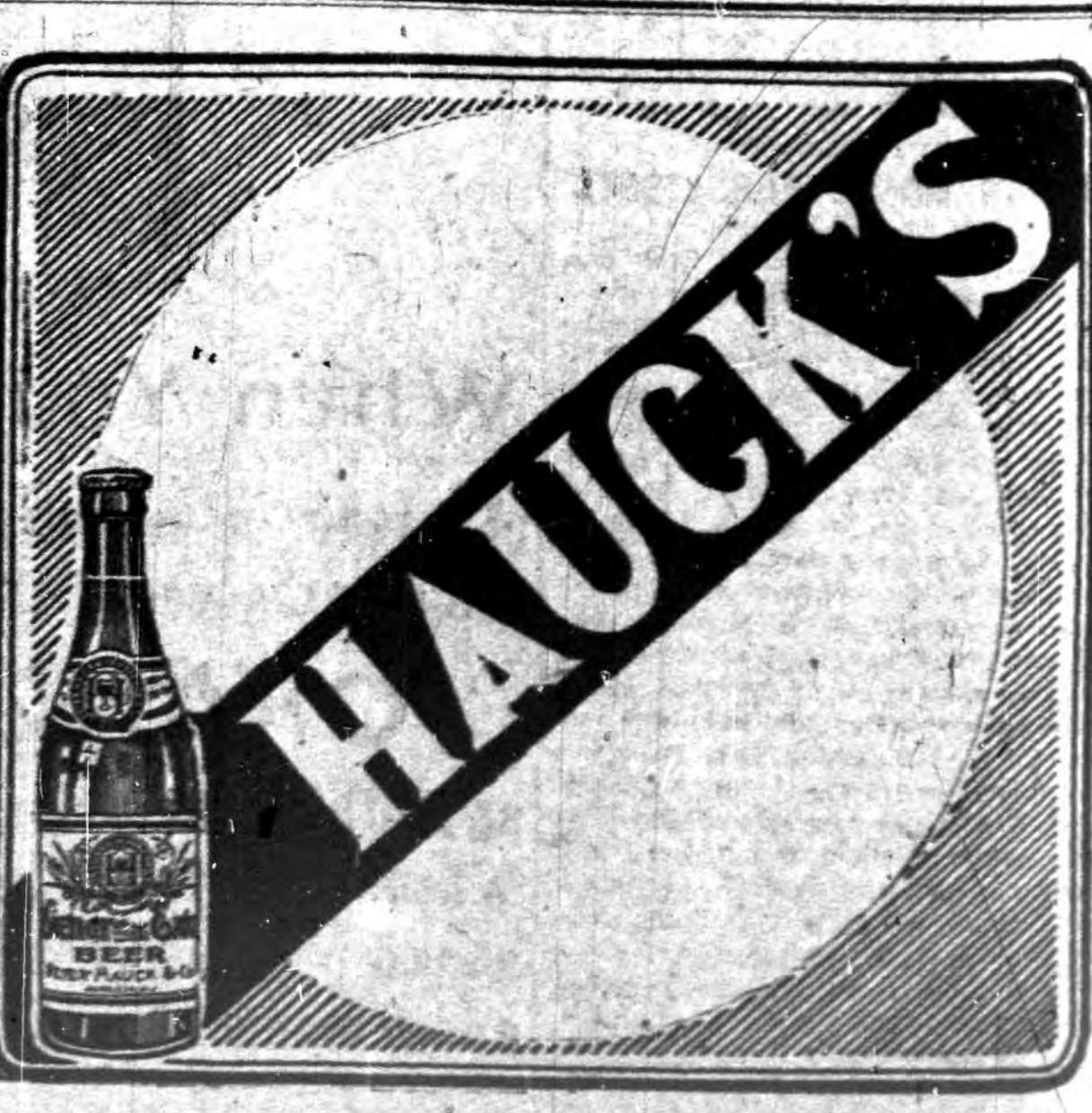
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